

*Paul.* What (Souveraigne Sir)  
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services  
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd  
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted  
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;  
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer  
My life may last to answere.

*Leo.* O *Paulina*,  
We honor you with trouble: but we came  
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie  
Haues we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,  
The Statue of her Mother.

*Paul.* As she liu'd peerelesse,  
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue  
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,  
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it  
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer  
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.  
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off  
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)  
Comes it not something neere?

*Leo.* Her naturall Posture.  
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed  
Thou art *Hermione*: or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender  
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)  
*Hermione* was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seemes.

*Paul.* Oh, not by much.  
*Paul.* So much the more our Caruers excellence.  
Which lets goe-by some fixteene yeeres, and makes her  
As she liu'd now.

*Leo.* As now she might haue done,  
So much to my good comfort, as it is  
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,  
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warne Life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.  
I am a sham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,  
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:  
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's  
My Euils coniu'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,  
Standing like Stone with thee.

*Perd.* And giue me leaue,  
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that  
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing, Lady,  
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,  
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

*Paul.* O, patience:  
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's  
Not dry.

*Cam.* My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,  
Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away,  
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy  
Did euer so long lue; no Sorrow,  
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

*Paul.* Deere my Brother,  
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre  
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he  
Will peece vp in himselfe.

*Paul.* Indeed my Lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image  
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

It'd not haue shew'd it.

*Leo.* Doe not draw the Curtaine.

*Paul.* No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie  
May thinke anon, it moues.

*Leo.* Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.

(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)  
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines  
Did verily beare blood?

*Paul.* Masterly done:

The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

*Leo.* The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with Art.

*Paul.* He draw the Curtaine:

My Lord's almost so farre transported, that  
Hee'll thinke anon it liues.

*Leo.* Oh sweet *Paulina*,

Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:

No setled Sences of the World can match

The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

*Paul.* I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but  
I could afflict you farther.

*Leo.* Doe *Paulina*:

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet  
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes  
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell  
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kisse her.

*Paul.* Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:  
You'll marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne  
With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

*Leo.* No: not these twentie yeeres.

*Perd.* So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on.

*Paul.* Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you  
For more amazement: if you can behold it,  
He make the Statue moue indeed; descend,  
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke  
(Which I protest against) I am assisted  
By wicked Powers.

*Leo.* What you can make her doe,  
I am content to looke on: what to speake,  
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie  
To make her speake, as moue.

*Paul.* It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:  
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leo.* Proceed:

No foot shall stirre.

*Paul.* Musick; awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:  
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:  
He fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:  
Bequeath to Death your nummesse: (for from him,  
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:  
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as  
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,  
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then  
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:  
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,  
Is she become the Suitor?

*Leo.* Oh, she's warme:

If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law

Lawfull as Eating.

*Pol.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his necke,  
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

*Pol.* I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,  
Or how stolne from the dead?

*Paul.* That she is liuing,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appears she liues,

Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:

Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady;

Our *Perdita* is found.

*Her.* You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols poure your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where hast thou bin preferu'd? Where liu'd? How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle

Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preferu'd

My selfe, to see the yssue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that,

Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble

Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together

Your precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there  
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)  
Lament, till I am lost.

*Leo.* O peace *Paulina*:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her

(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many

A prayer vpon her graue. He not seeke farre

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee

An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,

And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty

Is richly noted: and heere iustified

By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.

What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,

That ere I put betweene your holy looks

My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,

And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,

Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely

Each one demand, and answere to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first

We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

## The Names of the Actors.

*Leontes*, King of Sicillia.

*Mamillius*, yong Prince of Sicillia.

*Camillo*.

*Antigonus*.

*Clemines*.

*Dion*.

*Hermione*, Queene to *Leontes*.

*Perdita*, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

*Paulina*, wife to *Antigonus*.

*Emilia*, a Lady.

*Polixenes*, King of Bohemia.

*Florizell*, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

Clowne, his Sonne.

*Autolycus*, a Rogue.

*Archidamus*, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.

Shepheards, and Shephearddesse.

FINIS.

